

"YES, SHE'S A NICE GIRL; BUT I CAN'T GET ON WITH HER. SHE HAS SO LITTLE TO SAY FOR HERSELF."
"OH, BUT I'VE BEEN TALKING TO HER FOR THE LAST HOUR, AND SHE DOESN'T INTERRUPT. NOW, THAT'S WHAT I THINK SO CHARMING!"

DO'S AND DON'T'S FOR VOLUNTEERS.

1. Don't go to camp. But if you do
2. Don't get up when Revally sounds. You'll find Adjutant's Parade in the early morning, the very early morning, such a beastly bore, and so bad for the liver that it's far wiser to stay in "palliasse"—(besides, hasn't your doctor often told you that it's madness to suppose you can play such tricks at your time of life?)—they can only give you a few years imprisonment for repeated mutinous conduct, and you could doubtless petition the Home Secretary for an aggravation of your sentence.
3. Don't submit to harsh or cursory remarks from the Adjutant. Do answer him back. You know quite well that in private life you would not put up with his hasty, ill-considered and offensive language, nor permit him to hector you because your collar was not clean; and if you have come on parade without cleaning your belt or rifle, what right has he to say that it makes him furious? Do point out to him how absurd it is to expect such minute attention to discipline on the part of so intelligent a Volunteer as yourself.
4. Don't overtax your strength or weaken your heart by "doubling" up impossible hills, merely because the Colonel (on a horse) thinks it looks pretty. Of course, you would be perfectly ready to do anything that was necessary, but how can the Empire's safety depend upon your losing your wind, when the enemy are some of your oldest friends with a handkerchief tied round their sleeves?
5. Do insist upon having hot-water to shave with, and an extra blanket when the nights get chilly. Very probably the Captain of your Company would turn out of his bed and take your palliasse if you asked him nicely.
6. Don't do any mental or degrading work, such as cleaning

cooking utensils or greasing your own boots. The Government ought to know that gentlemen can't be expected to do that kind of work, and should provide an efficient staff of servants.

7. Don't do anything you would rather not.
8. Do set all military discipline at defiance. You probably know much better than your officers.
9. Don't blame me if you find yourself in prison.
10. Do make a stern resolution never to come to camp again.
11. Don't keep it.

THE ALTERNATIVE.

FILL me, may I hope, love?
Throw away the rope, love,
That about my neck I did intend to tightly draw?
Give me just a word, love;
Say my passion 's heard, love,
And that for no one but me you really care a straw.

Chocolate creams and tarts, love,
Gifts from each our hearts, love,
Marbles, tops, and hair ribbons, and many a mystic packet.
You were just turned seven, love;
I was not eleven, love,
When you first accepted me (I wore a Norfolk jacket).

Wandered we away, love,
From our parents' sway, love,
I to get for you a water-lily from the pool.
And when I was found, love,
Very nearly drowned, love,
All our plans fell through, for I was bundled off to school.

Spirit of my youth, love,
Waft to me the truth, love,
Come thy words to me diffusing perfume on the air.
When I hear thy voice, love,
Shall my heart rejoice, love?
Or will 't carry tidings of misfortune and despair?

And if 'tis a nay, love,
To all I've to say, love,
To my forehead I shall press a pistol barrel bright,
And of me, forlorn, love,
In black you'll have to mourn, love,
A colour, love, in which you say you look a perfect fright!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE *Seen and the Unseen*, by RICHARD MARSH (METHUEN), is a collection of stories generally well told, and for the most part, with the exception of one,—out of which the Baron, in the most indulgent humour, could make neither head nor tail,—more or less interesting. It is a book for the "Skipper" who reads to while away an idle hour, and for whom the *Seen and the Unseen* will become the *Read and the Unread*.

French taste, or the want of it, in the lighter kind of literature puzzles the Baron. In the course of his travels he recently came across a roman by LUCIEN MUELFELD, called *La Carrière d'André Tourette*. Its recommendation was on its cover, recording that this *exemplaire* was one of the "*Dix-septième Edition*" ("*Librairie Paul Ollendorff*"). The name of LUCIEN MUELFELD is new to the Baron, who, judging from this, has little desire to read *Le Mauvais Désir* by the same author, or his other forthcoming work, which may be out by now. It is a novel "*dont on peut grignoter un peu*," and be occasionally amused by its sketches of Parisian life in various quarters, but rarely interested in the characters, their doings or sayings. How the work arrived at its seventeenth edition is less a puzzle to the Baron than how it ever reached its second. Perhaps this may be only a question of how many "copies" go to "an edition."

THE BARON DE B.-W.



OVERDOING IT.

Sympathiser. "SORRY YOU LOOK SO SEEDY AFTER YOUR HOLIDAY, OLD CHAP!"
Too Energetic Sight-seer. "WELL, I AM A BIT DONE UP, BUT THE DOCTOR SAYS THAT WITH REST AND GREAT CARE I MAY BE WELL ENOUGH TO HAVE A RUN-ROUND AS USUAL NEXT YEAR."

A CAPER IN THE "CAPERCAILZIE."

LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF TOBY, M.P.

Thursday, Loch Snizort, Skye.—PARTY all aboard in time for dinner last night. Eight all told. As the *Capercaillie*, R.Y.S., is 750 tons, this gives us nearly a hundred-ton accommodation per head. Satisfactory. As the Member for Sark observes, there's nothing worse than being overcrowded on a yacht. Two principles should guide the owner of a nice yacht when planning a cruise. (1.) Let him invite you. (2.) Let him therefore be moderate in extending invitations. A man ashore is sometimes worth two on a yacht.

Under ever-varying Autumn sky steamed through Sound of Mull; passed dread Ardnamurchan Point over Summer seas; skirted Muck, Eigg, and Rum (obvious joke here; egg and rum, you know; doubtless been made before); dropped anchor in Loch Seavaig; sat for awhile by the solemn, lonely tarn of Coruisk; on again skirting the towering hills of Skye; through the Little Minch; anchored for dinner in Loch Snizort.

Once the sailing qualities of the famed *Capercaillie* were tried. The

trumpet sounded the luncheon hour just as the yacht got into the open sea, with nothing but the tail of the Hebrides between us and the Atlantic. Spent appreciable portion of luncheon time with plate of meat in one hand and tankard of innocuous Laager in other. No fiddles on the table; plates, dishes, glasses, flower vases accordingly played their own tune. A mere paroxysm; only the Atlantic roaring at us through the Sound of Barro. By time coffee served, able to enjoy it on deck in full view of the mystic majesty of rugged Skye.

At Oban yesterday DONALD CURRIE, Lord of the Isles, paid a morning visit from his yacht, lying in the bay a few cables' length distant. (Don't know how much a cable measures, but phrase sounds well in a log.) "Going round Skye?" asked his Lordship. "Don't forget to look in at Scalpay. Sorry I shan't be there; just left, going South; but they'll treat you well."

A charming sail through Sound of Raasay; sea smooth as a lake; found Scalpay standing where it did, easily lying behind the heel of Skye. Don't wonder we didn't see much of Lord of the Isles at Westminster last Session. Tea

on the Terrace nothing compared with breakfast at Scalpay. Only one house visible; belongs to the Lord; nevertheless, island densely populated. Air murky with the maleficent midge; making your way through the thickened atmosphere you breathe midges, drink midges, and they eat you.

Friday, Loch Duich.—No chance of over-sleeping yourself on the well-ordered *Capercaillie*. At 8 o'clock every morning the colours are run up to the sound of the trumpet. Immediately after is heard an unfamiliar blast, which swiftly swells into swirl of the pipes. This is ALEC, the old Highlander, who having got into the swing marches down the deck steps below by the companion way, and tramps the full length of the sleeping berths. "Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye wauking yet?" is the tune selected to affront the Saxon ear with direful sounds. Don't know how it may be with Johnny Cope, but every passenger is on the instant wide-awake, with an hour to dress for breakfast. The trumpeter is heard again announcing successive meals and sunset, the last being the signal for hauling down the colours.

Very plump Boy the trumpeter; credit to the feeding on board the training ship whence he has been drafted. So nearly round that as he walks the deck he rolls from side to side like a lamp in the swivel. Whatever the weather may be, sunshine or storm, he never wears a cap. Tradition says in early and inexperienced efforts with the trumpet he blew his cap clean overboard. Regulations of training ship do not permit renewal of head gear within a year. However that be, the effect of constant musical exercise plainly written on Boy's face and figure. When he is trumpeting dinner or other meal his cheeks preternaturally expand; his body swells visibly before the perturbed eye. When he has finished the blast, he begins slowly to subside. If he were called upon only once a day to blow the trumpet, there would be no permanent effect. But on the hospitable *Capercaillie* meals follow in quick succession. Boy just approaching his normal size after breakfast blow out, when three bells clang the luncheon hour. Boy fills up again. Afternoon it's worse, for there is, as mentioned, sunset thrown in before, at 8 o'clock, the hapless Boy fills out again to prodigious size to the tune, "*The Roast Beef of Old England.*"

DIPLOMATIC DELAYS.

THERE is reason to believe that the following telegrams have been recently sent from, and received at, the Stato Department in Washington.

To London.—Important communication from Russia enable immediate settlement Chinese question before presidential election. Will you agree?

To Berlin.—What your view Russian proposal and settlement before election?

To Paris.—Doubtless aware Russian suggestion. Do you agree? Election of President coming on shortly.

From London.—Regret Foreign Secretary absent. Will forward cable.

From Berlin.—Impossible répondre. Ministre aux bains de mer.

From Paris.—Ministre Affaires Étrangères à la campagne.

To London.—Where is he?

To Berlin.—Please send Minister's address immediately.

To Paris.—Please send his address at once.

From London.—Schlucht.

From Berlin.—Nordeney.

From Paris.—Rambouillet.

To London.—Where on earth is Schlucht?

From London.—Not quite sure. Will enquire and forward cable.

To Schlucht, via London.—Found you at last. Election not far off. Please reply quickly. What is your view?

From Schlucht.—View pleasant. Hills and trees. Nice place. Am enjoying rest.

To Nordeney, Germany.—What about Russian proposal? Preparing for election. See agitating cause for haste.

From Nordeney.—Mer absolument calme. Viens de pendre bain. Très agréable.

To Rambouillet, France.—Discover you are guest President. Our presidential election approaching. Do you support Russia? Say whether.

From Rambouillet.—Temps superbe. Ciel bleu. Presque trop chaud pour la chasse.

To Schlucht.—No time for jesting. Not nine weeks to election. If Russia leaves, where will you go?

From Schlucht.—Warm afternoon. Will go to sleep.

To Nordeney.—Cable incomprehensible, though translated. Greatly occupied approaching election. If Powers take various sides what will you take?

From Nordeney.—Prendrai très volontiers quelques verres bière et Schinkenbrot.

To Rambouillet.—Cable incomprehensible though translated. Election question all important. What will you do?

From Rambouillet.—Très chaud. Me reposerai jardin fumant cigare.

To Schlucht.—Only fifty-six days to election. Nearly distracted. Must request immediate reply. Or shall withdraw from Pekin.

From Schlucht.—Endeavouring discover decision of others. Which way cat jumps. Leave here to-morrow. Will reply from London. Advise avoiding undue haste. Remember massacred Americans.

To Nordeney.—Only fifty-five days to election. Almost crazy. Please reply immediately. Or shall withdraw troops before WALDERSEE arrives.



Little Timkins (to gorgeous Chappie). "EXCUSE ME, OLD BOY, BUT WHO ARE YOU IN MOURNING FOR?"

From Nordeney.—Doucement. Que disent les autres? Pourquoi si pressé? N'oubliez pas Américains tués. Pars d'ici demain.

To Rambouillet.—Only fifty-four days to election. Nearly going mad. Please reply immediately. Or shall withdraw.

From Rambouillet.—Faut attendre quelques jours. Angleterre, Allemagne ne bougent pas. Croyais États Unis furieux à cause massacre Américains. Rentre à Paris aujourd'hui.

To London, Berlin and Paris.—Election still nearer. No time separate cables. Regret Americans killed. Should also re-

gret Europeans killed, but election leaves no time useless sympathy. If our candidate defeated, all officials dismissed. Must attend to election exclusively. Peace plank paramount.

To St. Petersburg.—Others still undecided. But election nearly here. Can you help?

From St. Petersburg.—Enchanté. Restez tranquille. Arrangerai tout. Faut retirer armée internationale sauf Russes. Alors garnison russe peut occuper Pékin et tout le nord.

To St. Petersburg.—Right. Anything. Distracted. Election. H. D. B.

TO THE BIRDS I HAVE MISSED.

SNIPPE, partridge or grouse that I shot at,
And failed, peradventure, to kill,



Though my habit 's
to find the right
spot at
A distance exact
from the bill,
Pray tell me the
cause of my
failing,
Were my pellets
in front or be-
hind

As you twisted or went away sailing
Majestically on the wind?

If you will but inform me, correction
I faithfully promise to make.
Elevation being changed and direction,
Your life I will pleasantly take.
I hate being cruel or chancy,
To miss before other men's eyes—
My fault 's to be "late," so I fancy—
But you must know best where it lies.

Indeed I can't think how I missed you,
My failure I deeply deplore
From the standpoint of one, who'd assist
you

At once to Beatitude's shore.
Perchance 'twas the soul of my grandam
That haply inhabited you,
I'm solaced supposing so, and am
Delighted my aim wasn't true!

THE CHAMPION PAGAN.

CHAPTER LXXVII. (OR THEREABOUTS.)

ANGELICA HALFSOVRANI sat in her studio in Rome! Rome, the same fair, sweet, gracious, charming, fascinating spot as when ROMULUS and REMUS played leap-frog with the gay insouciance of childhood, and BALBUS—pitiful type of humanity!—placed stone upon stone, seeking to erect his wall as a challenge to the illimitable vastness of the empyrean! Sumptuous splendour, a luxury almost reckless in its lavishness, were the chief characteristics of the studio. But more beautiful than its rich tapestries, more graceful than its Greek statues, more striking than its bejewelled carving, was the paintress who stood before her easel, gazing with rapt intensity at the last production of her consummate genius. Yes—it was finished! Henceforth would TITIAN, VELASQUEZ and the rest pale their ineffectual fires—quenched to eternity by the cascade of a Woman's Art. She felt that, did ANGELICA, and, feeling it, proclaimed it from the housetop. Not hers that false modesty, that petty parody of abnegation, which prevents your lesser geniuses from blowing resonant fanfares on their instruments of brass!

There was a step on the threshold—her lover entered the room.

"Dear GIOCOSO," said ANGELICA simply,

"my picture is finished. Tell me if you like it."

Gently she drew him to the easel. For seven minutes GIOCOSO regarded the painting in absolute silence—only his face grew ghastly pale, his eyes well-nigh started out of his head. Suddenly he fell to the ground in a dead faint.

"You, ANGELICA!" he gasped, as he began to regain consciousness. "You—you painted that superhuman masterpiece?"

"Yes, it was me," returned ANGELICA, with that delightful disregard of grammar so characteristic of genius.

"Then," shouted GIOCOSO fiercely, "I won't stand it! Isn't it enough that over in England a woman-novelist has already dwarfed the fame of every man who ever held a pen? And now are you—a miserable she-thing—to rob us of another part of our supremacy? I won't stand it, I tell you! First of all, I shall bribe every critic to slate you—a shilling a-piece will do that job! And then, a chapter or two further on, I shall stick a large knife into you when you least expect it. Farewell!" and he rushed from the room.

Hardly had he vanished when a sinister figure stepped from behind the tapestry. It was Cardinal GIBBERINI.

"Ha!" he cried, with a cruel smile playing about his thin lips. "This is your picture, is it? This is your scheme to—"

Drawing herself up six inches, ANGELICA interrupted him. Her face was white, but her eyes flashed with the glare of equatorial lightning.

"Hypocrite!" she exclaimed. "Vile minion of an exploded system! Contemptible listener behind curtains! Spread your mischievous fables! Plot your nefarious machinations! Creep! Crawl! Squirm your snakelike way through the green meadows of unprotected virtue, ready, like the asps of old, to poison the guileless with your foul embrace! But, now, listen! Learn that



I—learn that ANGELICA HALFSOVRANI—defies yer!"

She drew herself up another two inches! She pointed significantly with her thumb!

And, baffled, beaten, foiled, the haughty Cardinal crawled as quickly as he could on all-fours to the door.

THE POST OFFICE AGAIN.

SIR,—I write to ask whether the Post Office is the servant of the Public, or the Public the servant of the Post Office.

We have had innumerable complaints of delay and loss. But, Sir, there are few persons so outrageously wronged as I am by that muddle-headed agglomeration of preposterous red tape called the Post Office. Ten days ago I wrote a very important letter containing a cheque for £150. I went out to post it myself, to avoid all risks, and at the door of my house I met a friend who joined me in a stroll and a chat. I have since heard from my correspondent that he never received the letter or the cheque. The Post Office, as usual, returns a stereotyped answer to my indignant enquiries and complaints. How much longer are we to groan under this tyranny?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HANG DASH BLOWETT.

P.S.—I have just found the letter in my pocket. Perhaps I ought to mention this.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

VI.—THE BENGAL TIGER.

My gentle reader, pray confess,
You do not know at all
The joys of people who possess
A tiger of Bengal.

So go and buy a tender cub,
Then bring it up by hand;
(Its glossy coat you have to scrub
With soap—the "Tiger" brand).

And it will learn to love you so
'Twill follow you to bed,
And everywhere you choose to go
Will choose to poke its head.

But if you bring it up aright
'Twill quickly be your match;
A time will come when it will bite,
And very likely scratch.

The tiger grown, you must not balk
Its healthy taste for food;
Your "kindness" is but idle talk
If otherwise construed.

To prove your love has no alloy
Present yourself, I beg;
There's naught the beast will so enjoy
As just an arm or leg.

While if from loss of blood you die,
A blessed martyr you!
The tiger, in that case, might try
Fresh quarters at the Zoo.





HOME RAILS.

Touchstone Punch (to Southdown Railway Shepherd). "THOU ART IN A PARLOUS STATE, SHEPHERD!"
As You Like It. Act III. Sc. 2.



A REFORMED CHARACTER.

John. "GOIN' TO GIVE UP 'UNTIN'! DEARY! DEARY! AN' OW'S THAT, MISSIE?"
 Little Miss Di. "WELL, YOU SEE, JOHN, I FIND MY COUSIN CHARLIE, WHO IS GOING TO BE A CURATE, DOES NOT APPROVE OF HUNTING WOMEN, SO I INTEND TO BE A DISTRICT VISITOR INSTEAD!"

RE THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Hints to Candidates and Agents.

BY A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR,

Barrister-at-Law, late Candidate for numerous important forensic Appointments.

WHEN I had the honour to commence these suggestions, which I trusted would be useful to those to whom they were particularly addressed, I had no idea what would be the immediate consequence. I had been encouraged by the success of the text-book of my learned friend, and, if he will permit me to call him so, my leader, Mr. H. C. RICHARDS, to believe that my efforts would be popular. I was right in my assumption. But, unfortunately, if I may say so, without falling foul of the decision of the late LINDLEY MURRAY, too right. By nearly every post I have received letters thanking me for my hints, and putting to me questions that I find it is almost impossible to answer. Even their number put an insuperable obstacle in my way.

Fortunately, this is the long Vacation, and therefore my presence is not imperatively demanded in the Law Courts. Still, it will not surprise those who know me when I declare that my practice is nearly as extensive when the Courts are up as when their Lordships appear daily in the Strand to exchange matutinal greetings

with those of the Outer Bar, who protect the best traditions of the profession to which Bench and Bar are equally proud to belong.

So I have determined to bring these hints to a conclusion. I have not been solely influenced by the receipt of the correspondence to which I have referred. We are so close upon the General Election that the thoughts of Candidates and Electors should not be disturbed with what are, after all, but side issues, but should be concentrated upon the matter so immediately at hand.

But before laying down my pen, I think it but courteous to do my best to answer the questions of two or three of my numberless correspondents as a guarantee of good faith. I may add that the queries that have been put to me are, with scarcely an exception, concerning bribery and corruption.

Innocent.—The fact that you figured in the late election petition should not, necessarily, prejudice you in a like case in the future. Of course, the possible position would be judged on its merits. Receiving a guinea for opening a door for a candidate to facilitate his passage from one room to another would, in my opinion, be an excessive payment for a comparatively small service. I feel confident that the judges would regard it with grave suspicion.

A Scrupulous Voter.—Of course, it would be possible that a candidate might have an uncontrollable impulse to give you five shillings, and you might have an equally uncontrollable impulse to accept that sum. But it would be better if the impulses could be avoided until after the declaration of the poll.

Fair Play.—There is nothing to prevent a voter using his privilege of voting, even when (although carefully and successfully concealed) his intellectual faculties are governed by alcohol. But that is not the point. Consuming stimulants at the expense of the candidate or his agents is distinctly bribery.

Only once more.—No certainly not. All you say—I express no opinion upon the point—may be true, but it would be illegal. You must not put up your vote to public or even private auction. I cannot accept your assertion that you were told by an eminent judge that such a course would be lawful. As a member of the Bar, I am bound to reject the statement.

And having answered the above, I must bring my article to a conclusion. I can only repeat my recommendation, to those who have not already acted upon it, to refer to my learned friend, Mr. H. C. RICHARDS's excellent text-book, *Guide to Contested Elections*, when requiring assistance. It might be possible, too—I merely throw out the suggestion for what it is worth—that those who have hitherto honoured me by writing to me, might in future turn their epistolary attention to him. There is no better authority upon all matters relating to a contested election—inclusive of bribery and corruption—than the distinguished gentleman I have the honour to call my learned friend.

SWITZERLAND AND THE PLAGUE-SPOT.

If any amusement can be derived from a horror-striking point of view, it must be the declaration that Switzerland has placed Glasgow among the places prohibited from doing business with Helvetia. No doubt the precautionary measure against the importation of plague have been made by the famous "Amiral Suisse," of the *Vie Parisienne*, *celui du pantalon à trois ponts*. Our proletariat are, in their ignorance, fond of spouting about Swiss freedom. As a matter of fact, there is not a more illiberal country in the world. No stranger may dwell there for any length of time without a permit, and no citizen of a Catholic canton is tolerated in a Protestant one, and *vice versa*. Meantime, we encourage the thrifty waiters of the divided Republic. Perhaps the greatest jest of modern times is the fact that there is a statue of WILLIAM TELL in the marketplace of Bellinzona!



AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

NO, THIS IS NOT HEROISM; THIS IS SIMPLY DISCRETION. LITTLE PLUMPLEIGH HAS JUST GIVEN "CHARGE!" AND TAKEN ONE LOOK BEHIND TO SEE IF HIS MEN ARE "BACKING HIM UP, DON'T YOU KNOW," AND HE IS NOW MAKING FOR SAFETY!

A COOL RETREAT.

[MR. KRUGER has arrived at Lourenço Marques, and is staying with Mr. POTT, the Dutch Consul.—*Daily Paper*.]

POTT!—for a rose's perfume is the same,
Spell it what way you will, it matters not,
And there is always pathos in the name
Of POTT—

Good POTT, I never thought, a year ago,
One little year, and things so cock-a-whoop,
And I apparently a fixture on
The Stoep,

Prepared, O POTT, to keep my stomach stiff,
Guarding prescription even to the death,
Yea, spend on that design my latest whiff
Of breath—

I never thought to find my pilgrim-way
By easy stages toward the boundless blue,
And end by taking Pott-luck here to-day
With you!

Though lions roar around his path, said I,
No man has ever seen the righteous flee
In search of eligible lodgings by
The sea!

And has it come to this, my pensive POTT?
And do I gaze on Delagoa beach?
Have I, in fine, refused to practise what
I preach?

Ah, POTT, you will not call this kettle black!
Let sinners ope their naughty lungs to hoot,
You read the motive why I turn my back
And scoot.

POTT, it is not to save my private skin!
My sole and solemn mission lies confessed
In yon Penates which you'll notice in
A chest.

Rather than yield the same to BULLER's crew,
Or let my burghers sever me and mine,
I'd face the terrors incidental to
The brine!

Somewhere, by this good gold and Heaven's grace,
My Capital shall rise that now is prone,
Even if I should occupy the place
Alone.

And, lest on what I hold uniquely dear
Some pirate lay his desecrating hand,
Awhile I purpose, POTT, to sojourn here
On land;

Awhile on this most hospitable shore
To sit inviolably high and dry,
Waiting my moment till the clouds of war
Roll by.

Meantime the tedious farce drags slowly on,
And leaves me careless (being out of shot)
When funny people say that I have gone
To POTT.

O. S.



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

BIG GAME HUNTING.—IV. RHINOCEROS.

IN STALKING THE RHINOCEROS, SOME AUTHORITIES SAY GET AS NEAR THE ANIMAL AS POSSIBLE. OTHERS SAY DON'T.

FROM NOR'-WESTERN LATITUDES.

N.B. FOR NORTH BRITAIN. Essentials for Oban, or for anywhere in Scotland: Warm clothing, as if for winter; stout socks, strong boots (for strong leg): everything waterproof; yourself whisky-and-water-proof (*cela va sans dire*), a strong umbrella of the McGamp pattern; a climbing stick with a crook to it; a plaid of any pattern (you needn't be particular to a streak of colour—the Clan MacMist will do); and having laid in this stock, with the addition of a good rug, a plaid shawl and a Glengarry cap, then you're pretty sure to have such lovely hot weather as will cause you to question whether it would not be better to send all your warm clothing packing back to England, and while debating the matter in the early morn you will proceed to dress yourself in the lightest and gayest attire with which you may happen to be provided. In this costume you might as well be in Brighton, Ramsgate, or Scarborough. But "*O Formose Puer nimium ne crede calori*" (for which search MacVirgil), as in less than no time the calmness of the lake is ruffled, a searching wind, that is, a wind that has been looking for you everywhere, comes round the corner, then straight at you, embraces you frantically, and then exhausted by the effort it drops, subsides into the merest whisper, and then is absolutely still for a quarter of an hour or so, during which time the clouds descend from the mountains, and in a second, with a rapidity that the skilled scene-shifters working in an Adelphi or Drury-Lane melodrama would envy, the scene has entirely changed—lights down, rain down, in torrents! Then wind up again to join in the scrimmage, and if you are gay in your summer clothes, umbrellaless, and waterproofless, you'll be drenched through and through to the bone.

MacMoral.—When in Scotland do as the Scots do, and never venture out any distance away from home without a companion

of the clan MacIntosh on your arm and a stout claymore—umbrella—in your hand.

At Oban.—Something remarkable. I notice that at certain times of the day [this is now my second day here, and with nothing to do I am a very observant person] someone comes round with a bell, which he rings violently and frequently. Evidently the crier: so I don't go out, as I have hitherto found in country towns that what the crier cries has generally been announced in hand-bills and displayed on public advertisements some hours previously. Odd, though, I don't hear him cry. Can it be an old custom? Is the crier compelled by some ancient law peculiar to Scotland to ring his bell so many times a day, whether he has any information to give the public or not? Or do they mark time here, as they do on board ship, by the bells? I have heard of the "Blue Bells of Scotland," but supposed them to be wild flowers. *Solvitur ambulando*. I go out: walk about. No crier; not a sign of one. I return. Certainly, I have distinctly heard that bell four or five times. No illusion, surely? I have no such matter on my conscience as had Macbeth when the bell nearly frightened him into fits after the murder of Duncan. This happened in Scotland. Perhaps the bell is kept up as an old Macbethian tradition. On my second day, being far away in a steamer at a very early hour, I miss this particular bell, but there is plenty of ringing on board this MacBrayne ship, as the steward goes about all over the deck and under the deck, ringing imperiously, as if insisting on everyone with or without an appetite coming below to a first breakfast, a second breakfast, a third breakfast, while as the summonses to dinner and subsequently to tea seem to occupy the greater part of the afternoon it is impossible for me, as it was for Mathias in *Le Juif Polonais*, ever to get this ringing out of my ears. Then I forget it.

The fourth day I rise early, and, while dressing, I hear the

bell! I pause: I listen. Is it the crier? Does he cry? No. I look out. I see no crier. Nothing but a milk cart with milkman driving, two small, bare-legged boys accompanying the same. I am about to withdraw, much puzzled by the "sound and fury signifying nothing," and wondering whether "this island is full of strange noises," or whether I am the victim of hallucination, or if there is an early ghost about doomed to bell ringing, when the milk cart pulls up opposite my own gate, the milkman descends briskly, and . . . can it be possible! . . . performs a solo on the bell! The maids run down with cans and jugs and mugs; he fills them; chats pleasantly on things in general, takes further orders, and then merrily drives away, to go through precisely the same performance at the gate of a house a little farther on. Overture on bell: *overture of gates*: entrance of milkmaids; *chorus*, "let the milk-cannikin clink, clink, clink!"—smiles, smirks, milkmaids as merry as those that met IZAAK WALTON'S anglers; then the merry milkman mounts his cart, waves his adieux, they wave theirs and, again accompanied by scampering bare-legged boys, he urges on his gay career as he drives along on his milky way.

And this is the mystery of the Bell! The Milkman's Bell and the Belles of Bonnie Scotland!

THE MILKY WAY AT OBAN.

MILKMAN, spare that bell!

Wag not its metal tongue,

Or would your neck were—well—

Just like your own bell, *wrung*.

That, milkman, is my jest;

I do not wish you harm;

I pray you, give me rest,

And cause me no alarm!

So, milkman, spare that bell! &c.

(*Di capo.*)

Take milk—don't say "I shan't"—

To all, yourself, my man.

Don't argue with your "can't,"

While I perceive your "can"?

My brain begins to whizz.

While that bell's on your shelf

You'll never starve: it is

A "dinner" in itself.

So, milkman, spare that bell,

MACDAIRY of that ilk!

Would you to Oban tell,

That here's "a ring in milk"?

Notes Obanesque.—I wonder no enterprising and enthusiastic Scot has patented an umbrella of a Rob Roy, an Argyll, or any other tartan plaid, the pattern being according to the colours of the clan you may choose to adopt. Mind, there is no charge for admission into a clan and wearing its colours. Woe be to the man who shall assume the colours of either the I Zingari or of the Quidnuncs or any other club, either cricket or boating, without the right to do so conferred on him by membership. I am afraid to think how fearful would be the penalties such an one would incur by so vain, rash and snobbish an act. But in Scotland there is no entrance fee into a clan, as there is into a club in England. You can wear its distinctive colours if you like, and your right to do so will never be questioned. Should you, thus arrayed, stray away into the wilds and meet The MacDougal or The MacGregor, I tremble to think what might happen. When we read of some startling accident in the mountains, and how the body—recognised by its being clad in a peculiar plaid—was found days afterwards at the foot of some precipice, I shudder as I picture to myself the awful scene that must have taken place! Poor victim of vanity! He thought he looked so well in the colours of the Highland clan McDoodle, and perhaps came across the chieftain himself, or a duniavassal, or a fierce member of the McNoodle clan, at deadly feud with the McDoodle,—and then—was heard of no more."



"SAY, SAL, HOW D'YER LIKE MY NOO SUIT?"

The shoemakers and hosiers would not make a very good living did they depend on the children of the working classes for their business; as numbers of these little ones, who carry papers, bread, milk and packages, wear neither shoes nor stockings, and yet they scamper about, running fleetly on their errands, regardless of the stones strewn about not a few of the roads, and with such a precociously business-like air as if they were charged with some message of vital interest to the state.

"What is in a name?" Nothing but the look of it when written, and the sound of it when pronounced. Yet who, wishing to achieve success in any profession or business, would *proprio motu* adopt the name of "McPhail"? Doesn't it seem to court McPhailure? Will everybody be kind to his little McPhailings? And yet, here, wherever you see the name "McPhail" you must read "McSuccess," which certainly applies to the present representatives of the clan, and I have no doubt will perfectly describe their MacSuccessors.

NOTE (during a Sunday morning walk).—There are, I ascertain, some drinks peculiar to the neighbourhood of Oban, as in the course of our return from a visit to Dunstaffnage Bay, a small wayside place of refreshment catches our eye, open on Sunday ("eye" and "place" both "open on Sunday," with a trifle of moisture in both), much to our astonishment, and evidently kept by a good Scotch Samaritan, who, to comfort the wayfarer, displays a notice to the effect that "Refreshments" are here provided, and specifying, "Lemonade, Ginger Ale, Hot Tom, Shurbet and Lemon Squash," besides "Tea and Coffee on the shortest notice."

Now what is "Hot Tom"? Evidently a restorative in winter, and not intended for summer consumption. "Shurbet," with a "u" in it, may be the "Special Scotch," and the correct way of spelling the word. Not one of our party is sufficiently thirsty to sacrifice himself for the benefit of our general ignorance and to ascertain, at his own expense, what "Hot Tom" may be.



Squire (who has got up a concert—with refreshments—in aid of the War Fund). "WELL, ROBERT, HOW DID YOU ENJOY THE CONCERT LAST EVENING? WEREN'T THE QUARTETTES GOOD?" Robert. "WELL NOW, SQUIRE, OI DOAN' BELIEVE OI TAASTED UN: BUT THEY CUTLETS WAS PROIME!"

ALL-LIES AT PEKIN.

(From our Special Correspondent "very much" on the spot.)

FIGHTING has almost ceased. Many Boxers have de-ceased. General FAN-TUM's troops have mysteriously disappeared from the neighbourhood of Pekin, but Prince LONG-TUNG continues to threaten all foreigners.

To-day, the troops said their farewell to the Ta-Ta city, after marching round all the principal Imperial pints—points, I mean.

The Emperor and "Auntie" are again dead—this time, it is said, quite fatally, through attempting to read the latest productions of some of England's minor poets.

General LI-AH has assured the British commander that he can now safely withdraw his troops, and to this, the English general has replied in the Chinese vernacular Wal-Kah.

It appears that when Pekin was taken, some misunderstanding occurred between the generals of the Allied Forces. It had been arranged that the British and

German troops should rendezvous at Wai-Ting, and then advance on the Eastern gate of the city, but when the British arrived outside the walls, they found the Germans there before them, and already in possession. The soldiers of the Fatherland received them, standing at attention, each man with his left eye closed. The British retired, rather annoyed at being thus anticipated.

When the Western gate was to be stormed, it was agreed that the British, Japanese and Russian forces should advance together, to make a night attack. In the darkness, however, the different contingents became separated, and upon our troops arriving at the gate as day broke, they found the Russians had stolen a march upon them, and were already drawn up to receive them in parade order, headed by General ORFULKORF, each soldier saluting in true Russ fashion, with his thumb placed firmly on his most prominent Slav feature, and the fingers well stretched out.

There has been some sickness amongst the troops—especially with the British—during these operations: but whilst the Germans and Russians have now got right, the English appear to have mostly "got left."

LOVE-SONG FOR THE AUTUMN.

IN early Spring the snowdrop peeps
With gaudy crocus-blossom lined,
And soon the Lenten lily leaps
To life in golden glory shrined.
Lilac, laburnum, primrose, may,
Reveal their beauty. Still I'm dumb.
For ev'ry flower there is a day,
And so for my Chrysanthemum!

The Summer splendour of the rose,
The brave carnation's varied hue,
Will shame the orchid where it blows,
And dim the massed lobelia's blue;
The fuschia's purple bell is faint
To match the pelargonium,
But royal tints would try in vain
To paint my sweet Chrysanthemum!

When leaves are stricken by the blast,
Or quiver 'neath a fickle sun,
And beeches shed their prickly mast,
And holly reddening has begun,
The violet lurks beneath its green
Beside the staunch nasturtium,
Where some poor blighted rose is seen,
Then reigns my fair Chrysanthemum!

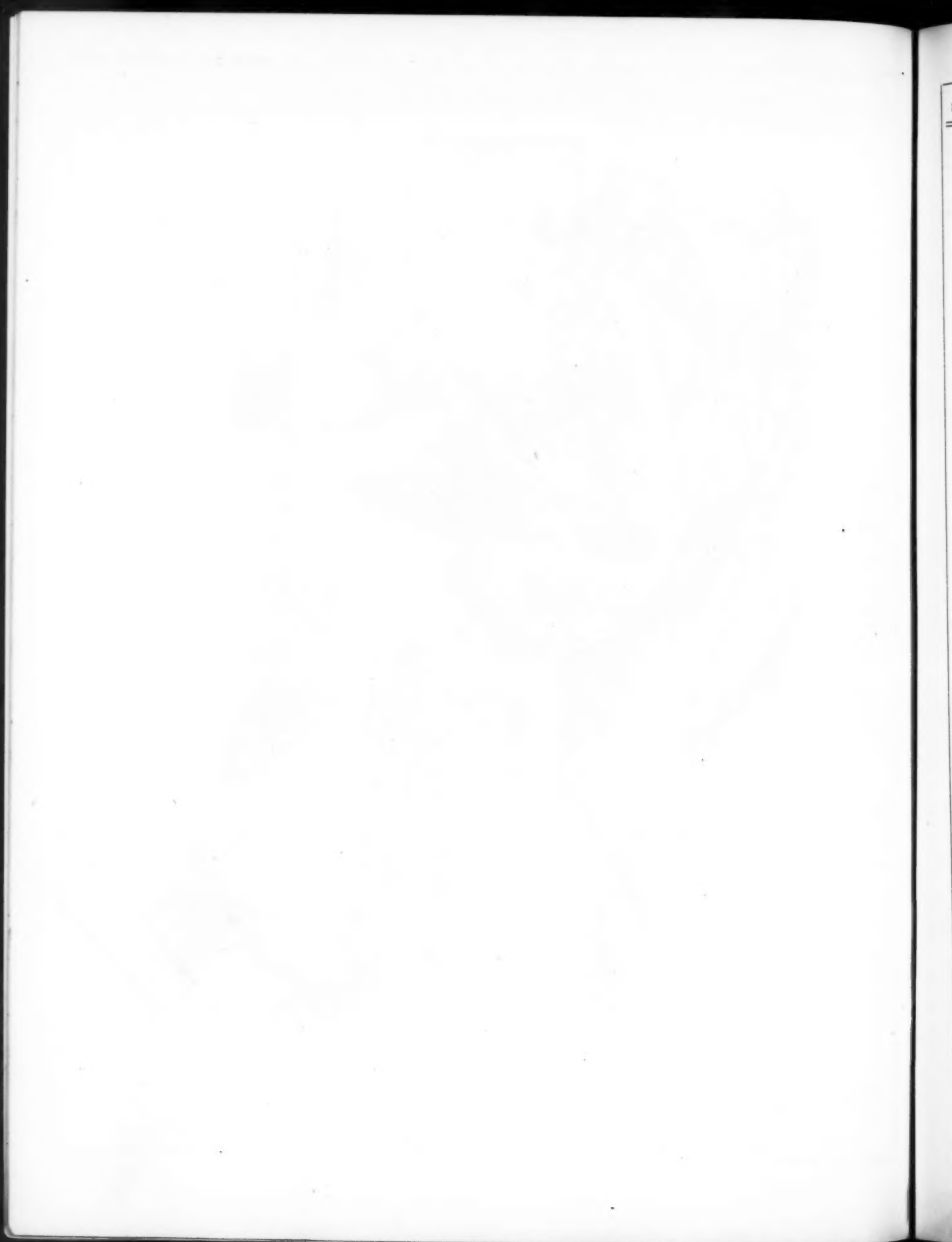
My meaning, gentle lady, take,
My allegory, simple, weak;
No headstrong, boyish vow I make,
Nor moment-spurred confession speak.
As have the seasons come and gone,
So will the flowers go and come,
But my heart-garden waits for one,
My Autumn-Queen Chrysanthemum!

THE BEST OF ALL PRESERVES.—Jam Satis.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—SEPTEMBER 19, 1900.



THE SINKING SHIP.





AN ALMOST EXTINCT SPECIES!

['The remains of a prehistoric animal were dug up close to the City Liberal Club a few days ago.'
Daily Paper.]

WAS IT THE OSAPLESADÖNT (PHILANTHROPD MAJUBATHERIUM) OR SHELL-LESS
DISARMADILLO?!

THE ENGLISH ACCENT.

SCENE—Lady FRANKERTON's dinner-party.

LORNA T., daughter of the house, twenty and athletic, sits next to Professor ANDREW McFIDDLE, D.D., of Glasgow University, rather deaf and very Scotch.

Lorna (after trying various other topics unsuccessfully). I wonder if you take any interest in the free-wheel controversy, Professor?

Prof. McF. (starting). The free wheel controversy? (Aside) What are our weemen-folk coming to! It's amazing!

(Aloud) My dear young lady, it has been the work of my life to study that controversy in all its aspects.

Lorna. No, really? How interesting! I had no idea—(Aside) Fancy, an old fossil like that! But of course everyone does it nowadays. (Aloud) And do you believe in the free-wheel?

Prof. McF. It is a deeficult question. Farrst you must define what you mean by a free wheel.

Lorna (aside). How horribly Scotch! (Aloud) Oh, the ordinary make, you know.

Prof. McF. (aside). The flippancy of these English lassies! (Aloud, sternly)

If you mean the ordinary conception, it simply does not excest.

Lorna. Oh, but I've got one, and so has TED.

Prof. McF. A common de'usion! Are you not aware that all action is governed by a motive or motives?

Lorna. Ye-es—of course. (Aside) Good gracious! If he's going to talk mechanics I'm done for. (Aloud) But really, Professor, I didn't think you were going to drag me into such philosophical depths over an argument on a cycle.

Prof. McF. (aside). Argument in a circle? The brazen hussy! (Aloud) It is no such thing. If you will show me the flaw in the argument I shall be obliged to you.

Lorna (aside). He seems very testy. (Aloud) No, you misunderstand me. Of course, after all these years of study you must know. Only, I can't help believing in my own free-wheel.

Prof. McF. (propitiated). It is natural. Until you realise that effect follows cause and action motive.

Lorna (with temerity). Yes, but isn't the whole idea of the free-wheel that the action is independent of the motive?

Prof. McF. That is the common idea, undoubtedly, and it is as absurd as it is false. But for motive there would be no moral character attaching to action.

Lorna (aside). What can he be driving at now? (Aloud) I'm afraid, if you're going to discuss the morals of bicycling—

Prof. McF. Of what? I am a little deaf on this side. The morals of what?

Lorna (loudly). Bicycling. [Awful pause Prof. McF. (eyeing her severely). Are we discussing the free wheel or the bicycle?

Lorna. Why—both. The—the free-wheel is a bicycle, isn't it?

Prof. McF. (after consuming the savoury in silence). It occurs to me, Miss FRANKERTON, that there is just a possibility that you have been talking of a trifling mechanical invention known as the free-wheel.

Lorna (thoroughly mystified). Of course. Haven't you?

Prof. McF. Certainly not. I have been endeavouring to hold a rational conversation on the metaphysical subject of the free wheel. In Scotland, we do not drop our h's.

Lorna (to herself, in the night watches). Oh! why didn't I say, "In England we don't strain our l's?"

THE CHINESE PUZZLE.

THE only thing the cables bring
Is "When and wherefore, why?"
The only thing our statesmen sing
Is "Li-Hung-Chang and lie."

ALONE ON AN ISLAND.

"I'm monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute!"
But, oh! I've a toothache to-day,
And—dash it!—the pain is acute!

I twist and I stamp and I squirm,
All aching! above and beneath!
What am I on earth? A mere worm!
A worm? Happy worm! you've no teeth!

A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

*Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of
Chunder Bindabun Ghosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.*

BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.

Caleutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

CHAPTER II.

HOW MR. GHOSH DELIVERED A DAMSEL FROM A DEMENTED COW.

*O Cow! in hours of mental ease
Thou chewest cuds beneath the trees;
But ah! when madness racks thy brow,
An awkward customer art thou!
Nature Poem furnished (to order) by young English Friend.*

MR. GHOSH's diligence at his books was rewarded by getting through his Little-go with such *éclat* that he was admitted to become a baccalaureate, and further presented with the greatest distinction the Vice-Chancellor could bestow upon him, viz., the title of a Wooden Spoon!

But here I must not omit to narrate a somewhat startling catastrophe in which Mr. GHOSH figured as the god out of machinery. It was on an afternoon before he went up to pass his Little-go exam, and, since all work and no play is apt to render any Jack a dull, he was recreating himself by a solitary promenade in some fields in the vicinity of Cambridge, when suddenly his startled ears were dumbfounded to perceive the bloodcurdling sound of loud female vociferations!

On looking up from his reverie, he was horrified by the spectacle of a young and beautiful maiden being vehemently pursued by an irate cow, whose reasoning faculties were too obviously, in the words of Ophelia, "like sweet bells bangled," or, in other words, *non compos mentis*, and having rats in her upper story!

The young lady, possessing the start and also the advantage of superior juvenility, had the precedence of the cow by several yards, and attained the umbrageous shelter of a tree stem, behind which she tremulously awaited the arrival of her blood-thirsty antagonist.

As he noted her jewel-like eyes, profuse hair, and panting bosom, Mr. GHOSH's triangle of flesh was instantaneously ignited by love at first sight (the intelligent reader will please understand that the foregoing refers to the maiden and not at all to the cow, which was of no excessive pulchritude—but I am not to be responsible for the ambiguities of the English language).

There was not a moment to be squandered; Mr. GHOSH had just time to recommend her earnestly to remain *in statu quo*, before setting off to run *ventre à terre* in the direction whence he had come. The distracted animal, abandoning the female in distress, immediately commenced to hue-and-cry after our hero, who was compelled to cast behind him his collegiate cap, like tub to a whale.

The savage cow ruthlessly impaled the cap on one of its horns, and then resumed the chase.

Mr. GHOSH scampered for his full value, but, with all his incredible activity, he had the misery of feeling his alternate heels scorched by the fiery snorts of the maniacal quadruped.

Then he stripped from his shoulders his student's robe,

relinquishing it to the tender mercies of his ruthless persecutress while he nimbly surmounted a gate. The cow only delayed sufficiently to rend the garment into innumerable fragments, after which it cleared the gate with a single hop, and renewed the chase after Mr. GHOSH's stern, till he was forced to discard his ivory-headed umbrella to the animal's destroying fury.

This enabled him to gain the walls of the town and reach the bazaar, where the whole population was in consternation at witnessing such a shuddering race for life, and made themselves conspicuous by their absence in back streets.

Mr. GHOSH, however, ran on undauntedly, until, perceiving that the delirious creature was irrevocably bent on running him to earth, he took the flying leap into the shop of a cheese merchant, where he cleverly entrenched himself behind the receipt of custom.

With the headlong impetuosity of a distraught cow followed, and charged the barrier with such insensate fury that her horns and appertaining head were inextricably imbedded in a large tub of margarine butter.

At this our hero, judging that the wings of his formidable foe were at last clipped, sallied boldly forth, and, summoning a police-officer, gave the animal into custody as a disturber of the peace.

By such coolness and *savoir faire* in a distressing emergency he acquired great *kudos* in the eyes of all his fellow-students, who regarded him as the conquering hero.

Alas and alack! when he repaired to the field to receive the thanks and praises of the maiden he had so fortunately delivered, he had the mortification to discover that she had vanished, and left not a wreck behind her! Nor with all his endeavours could he so much as learn her name, condition, or whereabouts, but the remembrance of her manifold charms rendered him moonstruck with the tender passion, and notwithstanding his success in flooring most difficult exams, his bosom's lord sat tightly on its throne, and was not to jump until he should again (if ever) confront his mysterious fascinator.

Having emerged from the shell of his *statu pupillari* under the fostering warmth of his Alma Mater, Mr. GHOSH next proceeded as a full-fledged B.A. to the Metropolis, and became a candidate for forensic honours at one of the legal temples, lodging under the elegant roof of a matron who regarded him as her beloved son for Rs. 21 per week, and attending lectures with such assiduity that he soon acquired a nodding acquaintance with every branch of jurisprudence.

And when he went up for Bar Exam., he displayed his phenomenal proficiency to such an extent that the LORD CHANCELLOR begged him to accept one of the best seats on the Judges' bench, an honour which, to the best of this deponent's knowledge and belief, has seldom before been offered to a raw tyro, and never, certainly, to a young Indian student. However, with rare modesty Mr. GHOSH declined the offer, not considering himself sufficiently ripe as yet to lay down laws, and also desirous of gathering roses while he might, and mixing himself in first-class English societies.

I am painfully aware that such incidents as the above will seem very mediocre and humdrum to most readers, but I shall request them to remember that no hero can achieve anything very striking while he is still a hobbardehoy, and that I cannot—like some popular novelists—insult their intelligences by concocting cock-and-bull occurrences which the smallest exercise of ordinary common-sense must show to be totally incredible.

By and bye, when I come to deal with Mr. GHOSH's experiences in the upper tenth of London society, with which I may claim to have rather a profound familiarity, I will boldly undertake that there shall be no lack of excitement.

Therefore, have a little patience, indulgent Masters!

(To be continued.)



FF for a whole month to try the well-warranted piece of salmon river I have taken

all to myself—the long stretch with its many

pools extending from the falls to the white rock at the head of the long curve, beyond which the Doolewater estate begins, sacred to its owner, General Sir NORFOLK GARLAND, of Glenn Carre.

HEDSON, of King's Bench Walk, introduced me to the agent, telling me it was a grand chance; and he gave me some photographs taken with a kodak, so I knew the place pretty well. But, bah! the sun pictures were contemptible compared with the beauty of the dark glen, whose effect upon me one sunny morning was to make me feel as if I were a boy again, and that I must run and shout before beginning to pick black and whortleberries, kick over the scarlet mushrooms growing beneath the pendent birches, and then go on climbing higher and higher till I was up among the mists which capped Ben Sporrán.

But I did not. I determined to try the High Reach, and at last I seated myself on a lichen-covered rock, put my rod together—my trusty two-handed greenheart—and then my heart leaped, and a tingling sensation ran through me, when, after sitting on the winch, I made it sing its delightful song as I drew off ten yards of new line to run them through the rings—that song of sweetness it sings when the silvery salmon has risen and has gone off like an arrow across a pool.

My hands trembled with eagerness as I selected my favourite fly and attached it to the cast, before giving the line a whisk or two through the pure air, and then stepped towards the river, breathing high with the delight of being a man—that is, a fisherman—and glorying in the fact that I was alone in this

glorious solitude, but only to stop short in amazement as I looked up the river and exclaimed in pagan fashion,

"By Jove!"

I was not alone, for there, far higher up this paradise of Scottish glens, her figure standing out in the distance like a cameo against the dark rocks, which ran up at a steep angle, was a woman fishing.

It was annoying, very annoying, for I had come there in the full belief that I should not see a soul.

"Still," I argued, "my part of the river ends up there, and I suppose that must be one of the NORFOLK GARLANDS."

The feeling of annoyance passed away when I reached the river side. So did the lady as I stepped down among the rocks and cast two or three times to get all straight, and then began to send my fly out and watch it go gliding along in company with tiny patches of creamy foam, following them into eddies, round stones, into dark deep corners, and then lower and lower till I had to recover it and throw again and again.

It took me well on to a couple of hours to get to the spot where I thought it would be advisable to try a different fly, and I was in the act of taking off the one I had been using, when, glancing to my left, I saw that the female wielder of the rod was but a short distance away, just beyond where the white vein of quartz ran up among the birches, while I now awoke to the fact that she was not alone, a particularly fierce-looking, grey-moustached, florid gentleman standing back beyond reach of the line and apparently watching me.

But I did not watch him, my eyes being drawn to the graceful, lithe figure of the lady, as with the skill of long experience she threw her fly with the greatest of accuracy towards a particularly likely spot for a fish; and I could see by her profile, with its well-cut nose and softly-rounded cheek, that she must be exceedingly handsome.

Then there was a rise, and she struck.

"Oh, bad luck!" I exclaimed, for there was a tremendous boil on the surface of the dark gliding water, the rod bent

heavily and then straightened, as we caught sight of a flash of silver, and the fish was gone.

The lady turned sharply round to face me, and in those brief moments I saw that I was right; but I had no time to admire, for the fierce-looking officer exclaimed,

"Are you aware that you are trespassing, sir?"

"No," I said, as sharply, for I was stung to the quick. "If there is any trespass, sir, it is on your part, for I am on my own—I beg pardon!" I stammered hurriedly, for in my excitement I found that I had gone a yard or two beyond the white stone.

"Come along, my dear. Every spot is invaded now by these excursionists."

The speaker drew the lady's hand through his arm and led her away, her rod over her shoulder and the line trailing behind, for her companion's action precluded her winding in.

The next moment there was an enforced stoppage, for the fly, after making a few jumping flights, caught in a patch of bracken and had to be dragged out, this necessitating a facing round on the part of the lady, who looked frowning and angry.

"A confounded jealous old martinet!" I said angrily. "May and December again. Hang his insolence! He might have known he was talking to a gentleman. Oh, hang it all!" I cried, winding in with all my might, "I can't fish any more to-day."

II.

"WHAT sort of a man is Sir NORFOLK GARLAND?" I asked the landlord of my resting-place, and he described the irascible old fellow exactly. But as I calmed down I did not see why the stand-offishness of an irritable old officer should interfere with my enjoyment, and making up my mind to dwell no more on the matter, I thought of nothing else, knowing full well that if it had not been for the lady the little trouble would have died out like one of the mists of the glen.

But there was the lady; and I could not get rid of the feeling of annoyance that I should have been so humiliated in her presence. Of course, she was nothing to me, for I was not a lady's man. I had long ago fallen in love with Fame, and had worked like a slave to obtain her favours; and now I was down at the Glen for a rest.

"So absurd," I argued. "She's a pretty woman, and she's an old man's wife; and even if I were conceited enough to think that she would give me another thought, I'm not so scoundrel or fool enough to get myself into a tangle of that kind."

A week passed, and nearly every day the water above was occupied by the lady, who had more or less success while I had none. Then bad weather set in, so that I had the glen all to myself when the water was fishable, and the luck changed, or my old skill returned, for I got from one to three fine fish every day, in spite of spending a good deal of time casting anxious glances, instead of flies, up stream to see if anyone was there.

One morning I had not made many casts before I was fast in a heavy fish which I played for a quarter of an hour, during which time he made some wonderful rushes up stream; and I finally gave him the butt, drew him into the shallows, where, after a little wading I successfully gaffed him, and hauled him out amongst the heather.

I had just released the gaudy fly from the fish's lower lip and was gloating over the beauties of my glistening prize, when I raised my eyes, to become conscious of the fact that the object of my many thoughts and her guardian had been watching me, and all my good intentions seemed to be swept away in an instant.

Back they came again directly, for my observers turned haughtily away, and the lady began to walk up stream, stepping lightly from stone to stone and casting with the most delightful ease.

"I wish you luck!" I said to myself, as I laid my fish in the bag and covered the silvery side with bracken, examined my

fly, which was uninjured, and for the moment determined to walk down stream so as to increase the distance between myself and the churlish pair above.

But I did not. I was irritable in spite of my success, and in a spirit of obstinacy I fished up towards where the white stone divided the rights.

"There ought to be a fish yonder at the tail of that long pool," I said to myself, "and I'll have it, if only to annoy the old humbug."

So I fished on, but I was wrong. There was a fish, and a fine one, in the pool; but it was at the head, a hundred yards beyond my bounds, and as I was just about to give up casting and go back, I saw the lady strike, and heard her winch shriek as the heavy fish she had hooked rushed up stream, leaped right out of the water, and then came back faster than she could reel up, passed her, and came on at a tremendous pace towards where I was standing knee deep in an eddy.

I remained perfectly still, watching with intense interest the desperate fight which went on, the lady playing her prize in the most masterly style; and just as it was about to pass me and get out of bounds she gave it the butt, her rod bent nearly double, and the fish went to the bottom and sulked.

I played the ordinary observer in the most unconcerned way, feeling quite myself again, heart-steeled, and calmly looking on, as, quite ignoring my presence, the lady came down, stepping easily from stone to stone, and rapidly recovering the enormous amount of line she had out, her guardian following behind.

Then the struggle went on, the lady trying every art known to move the sulking fish, but toiling in vain, until I moved from my position of spectator, and in the excitement of the struggle took what seemed a reasonable course; to wit, I laid down my rod and picked up a heavy stone to cast in near the fish.

"Hi, you Sir! Don't do that!" roared the old gentleman, but he was too late. The stone had left my hands, to descend with a splash just in the right place, and the salmon was off again, rested apparently, and rushing up stream.

"Oh, what an idiot I am!" I muttered. "Why didn't I walk away?"

But I did not stir, beyond going back to my rod and taking a few steps, to remain watching the struggle till it seemed pretty well over, and my heart throbbed with the excitement of seeing the admirable way in which the fish was drawn in pretty close to where I stood, while, gaff in hand, the old gentleman drew near.

I would not look at the lady, but kept my eyes fixed upon her companion, who watched his time and then stepped out towards where one great stone lay nearly flush with the water.

He had to gain this to get in a good position for gaffing the prize, and he reached it in safety, but in rather a tottering way. Then, watching his opportunity, he bent forward with the extended hook and made a snatch, when there was a tremendous splash and a jerk, and I saw the old man totter and nearly go in; but he saved himself and stood up, minus the gaff hook.

Then my heart gave a bound which sent the blood with a rush and a thrill through every vessel in my body. A great weight seemed to be lifted from me, and I stood feeling half wild with a strange joy as I watched the speaker of these words, spoken in a petulant way,

"Oh, Papa! You've lost my biggest fish."

But the fish was still fast, and I watched it renew its rushing here and there, till once more it gave up.

"Now, Papa, the gaff—the gaff!"

"But it's gone, my dear. Snatched out of my hands."

"Oh!" she cried.

"Will you allow me, Sir?" I said coldly, as I took a step forward, gaff in hand, carefully keeping my eyes fixed on the old man.

He turned upon me sharply, his grey brows contracting; then glanced at his daughter, and seemed to swallow a big bit of pride. Then, stiffly,

"Well, yes, if you would be so good."

The next minute I was wading gently towards where the fish lay gathering on its side, and though I strove to be cool my hands trembled and the perspiration stood out on my temples. Then I leaned forward, made a quick snatch, there was a tremendous wallow, and the fair fisher's rod flew straight, sending the gay fly high in air.

"Oh! Gone!" she cried, in a voice full of despair.

But she was wrong. I had the monster fast, and splashed out on to the bank, dragging the prize high amongst the stones and heather before I let it drop from the hook, gasping and beating the ground with its tail, one silvery mass of glowing beauty; a fit offering for such a nymph.

"Oh, thank you! Look, Papa. It must be five-and-twenty pounds."

"Over thirty, I am sure, madam," I said, quickly.

"Thanks; really I am greatly obliged, Sir," cried the old man, very stiffly.

"Don't name it, pray," I said coldly, and raising my shabby golf cap without glancing at either I walked back to where my rod lay, and went on downward making casts.

In another quarter of an hour I was fast to a fresh fish. I had nothing to do with the business; it hooked itself, but I played and landed it, forgot all about the other, and walked back to the inn before I remembered my fishing-bag and sent a lad to retrieve it.

III.

It was within two days of the end of my stay. I had fished on and done wonderfully well, and I had seen the General and his daughter again and again; but there had been no friendly intercourse, no invitation up to the house.

But fate was at work.

Just when I was at the lowest ebb of despair, for the Glen seemed to be void, I caught sight of its deity standing at the bottom of a steep slope, making long casts, and my heart began to throb heavily. The next minute it beat in heavy thumps, for, as far as I could see, she was alone.

I did not hesitate a moment, for I was desperate, and resting my rod against a birch tree I stepped down towards her where she went on making her long casts in the most graceful way, throwing farther than I could have done myself, right into the still water at the foot of a little fall whose heavy murmur drowned my approaching steps.

Twice again she threw, and the fly came whizzing back, and at the third essay she securely hooked her fish.

But not the one she tried for. It was when the fly came whizzing back to the full extent of the line over the heather and stones where I stood, for as I stepped down I was conscious of a stinging blow on the lips, followed by a heavy tug, which gave me a sharp pain. Then as my hand flew to my face there was a succession of tugs, followed by a faint scream when the fair angler turned round to see where her hook had caught, and she grasped the fact.

I was the fish, with a great salmon fly tickling my nostrils, what time the hook was driven well into my upper lip.

The pain was sharp, and the situation was startling. I had held hundreds of fish in the same predicament in my career, and had pitied them as much as most fishermen do, but I had never before been caught like this; and the pleasure was so great that if the fish feel anything like what I did during those brief moments they are to be envied. I'd go through it again every day, if I could, for the same reward.

"Oh, what have I done!" she cried, in agony, and for a few seconds I could not reply. She was sorry for me, even if she did not love; and pity is so near akin, you know.

"Oh, it's nothing—nothing," I cried; and as she came close

up, holding out her hands to me, I dropped mine from where they were holding the hook to keep it still and the feathers from tickling in a most irritating way and caught hers.

"But you are hurt—terribly hurt," she cried. "Here, I'll run to the house for help."

She tried to withdraw her hands, but I clung to them.

"No, no," I said imploringly; "don't go, pray."

"But what is to be done?"

"I—I don't know yet," I said huskily. "Let me think."

"Yes, yes; pray do," she cried, as she gazed wistfully at the big hook. "But be quick; be quick. I know: you must come up to the house, and one of the men shall gallop over to Borralock for a surgeon."

"Oh, no," I said; "it would take so long. Whatever is done must be done at once."

"Yes, yes; I know. I will run for my father."

"No, no; don't do that. He dislikes me quite enough as it is."

"Oh, don't say that. I don't think he does. It is only his way. But does it hurt you very much?"

"Yes—no—that is, a little. I shall be able to tell you directly what to do."

It was strange, but I, one of the most fluent counsel at the Bar, could hardly find words to express myself—could do nothing but gaze wildly in the face so near to mine, gazing so sweetly and inquiringly, as if asking what she could do to ease my suffering.

"Are you—are you faint?" she faltered.

"Yes, very," I said, with a sigh.

"Oh, and I never carry salts except at night. Pray loose my hands, and let me go."

"No: pray don't leave me," I said. "It turns me dizzy."

There was such an unmistakably startled effort to get free that, with a sigh, I loosed the soft white fingers and looked at her imploringly.

"I know," I said; "you must take it out."

"Take it—Oh, but how?" she cried.

"You must cut it out."

"What!" she cried, in horror.

"You have scissors, perhaps."

"Yes, my fishing scissors; but it would be so dreadful, and hurt you horribly."

"Not if you do it," I said quickly.

She was white when I spoke, but the warm blood flushed up in her cheeks, and she shrank away.

"Forgive me," I whispered passionately. "The words slipped out; but," I cried, as I again caught her hands, "they are true—indeed, indeed, they are true!"

"Tell me how to help you," she cried hurriedly, "or I must run for some assistance."

"Yes, yes; I'll tell you," I said, as in obedience to a look I released her hands. "Now, take out your scissors. Oh, here is my knife."

I hurriedly produced my many-bladed implement, but she was as quick in taking a pair of scissors from a satchel slung from her shoulder, and removing their sheath.

"Now?" she said.

"Cut the line close to the shank of the hook."

There was a sharp snip, and the silk fell to the ground.

"Yes. Now?" she cried, with her lips trembling, but with her eyes trying to look firmly in mine.

"You must cut away the wings and dubbing from the fly."

"Oh!" she sighed.

"I can't help it," I cried. "It must be done, or you cannot see how to get at the shank."

"Pray let me go for help."

"If you wish it. I will walk down to the inn," I said, bitterly.

"No, don't. I want to help you in this emergency," she pleaded; "but I am so ignorant and awkward."

"Then you will help me?"

"If you will tell me what to do."

"I will," I said, "in a moment. Now take my knife—this small sharp blade, and cut the binding and all the rest from the shank."

Her hands trembled, but she did as I requested; but before the hook was half cleared from its silk and tinsel and dubbing, I could not restrain myself: the touch of the soft white hands robbed me of all control, and I covered them with my own and held them pressed to my face.

"Did I hurt you so much?" she faltered.

"Yes, more than I could bear," I replied huskily. "Now go on."

It was sharp enough, but she went on and finished, and this time I pressed her hands to my face again and kissed them.

"Thank you! thank you!" I cried, as she tried to escape; and I saw her eyes begin to flash angrily in mine.

"Don't look like that," I said piteously. "It is only because I am grateful—No," I cried, wildly, "it is not that. I must speak. It is because I love you with all my heart."

She shrank away to the full length of her arms, but I held her hands fast.

"Forgive me, and dismiss me," I said desperately.

"You have no right to address me like that, Sir," she said warmly.

"I know it; but the words would out. I was coming to dare all and tell you, before I leave to-morrow."

"Leave—to-morrow!"

"Yes. I must return. I came to tell you this, when—when—"

"Oh, that dreadful hook!" she cried hurriedly; "and we are talking, and leaving you in pain."

"And that is as nothing to the mental," I said bitterly. "Poor wretch!"

I searched for the barb, and found now that it was buried in the flesh, the point in deep, so that I could feel it when I held my lip between my finger and thumb.

"Yes; it is in here," I said.

"And what is to be done? Must it be torn out, or cut? Don't ask me to do that."

"It would not be half the pain from your light touch," and she shuddered, but I saw a firm, determined look come into her eyes.

"Or there is another and better way."

"Yes, tell me quickly," she cried.

I gazed at her with my eyes so full of passion that she avoided my glance and coloured more deeply.

"It is a horrible thing to ask you to do, but if you would—"

"Yes; what is it?"

"Take firmly hold of the hook, and pass the barb through the lip. Then seize the point and draw the shank right through. It will come easily then."

"I could not," she said, turning pale again. "Yes, I can. I will."

I guided her hands, and then pressed hard, the barb passed through, and but little help was needed to draw the shank after it and cast it down.

"Bravo!" I cried. "Bravely done, Miss GARLAND. I shall never—"

I did not finish my sentence, for I saw her eyes turn dark and strange; the lids began to droop, and I had just time to catch her as she sank fainting in my arms.

She recovered herself almost as quickly, opening her eyes to gaze wildly into mine; and then she started away in horror, turned, and buried her face in her father's breast, as he stood close at hand, white with anger, and his fierce grey moustache seeming to writhe.

"May I ask the meaning of all this?"

"Yes, Sir. An accident," I said promptly, for I felt on my mettle now, called upon suddenly to defend the client I loved, before our judge. "I was too near, and as your daughter was throwing her fly it caught me in the face."

"Indeed?" cried the old man, with a sneer.

"Oh, don't be cross, Papa, dear," came in touching, pleading tones. "It was a horrible accident. It was very weak of me to turn so faint."

I drew a deep sigh as I stooped and picked up the hook, which lay on one of the stones, in company with some strands of peacock feather; and the old man's manner changed.

"Dear me!" he said; "and such a large-sized hook. Allow me, Mr.—Mr.—?"

"DONNE," I said.

"Mr. DONNE. Of course; I heard your name from the landlord of the inn. Allow me. An old soldier, I have had to do a little surgery for my lads up in the hill country. Ah, yes; very unpleasant. You passed the barb through, of course?"

"Yes; and it was that which made Miss GARLAND turn faint."

"Poor child! Yes, yes, of course. Come up to the house, Mr. DONNE, and wash out your mouth. A little wine and water, taken separately, to complete the cure."

I hesitated, and glanced at his child; and though she did not look up, I hesitated no longer.

In fact, I stayed to dinner, and listened to the old man's long account, over a cigar, about how he had been tricked, as he called it, out of the lower part of the river, and had ever since looked with the greatest of dislike upon the tenants of the fishing.

"Take another cigar, Mr. DONNE," he said. "Yes, I know your name. I have seen it in some of the trials. Ah, if I had had you to fight my case about the fishing claim I should have won. But, there, the river is always at your service. May I hope to see you next season when we are down?"

He held out his hand, and as I took it I glanced at someone else, for it rested with her as to what I should reply.

A moment later I said "Yes," and—how strangely things happen!—the river is now mine—I mean, ours.